THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

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Pacific Theo Sem Reading Room

HE COMETH!

"He comes not?" Yea, he cometh! Wherefore wait
At casement or at door his step to greet?
Thou think'st perchance to catch him at the gate
And stay the passing of his rapid feet.
Yet art thou sure the chambers are all meet
In order set to serve his royal state?
The banquet laid, the crown above the seat,
Fresh rushes strewn and all things adequate?
"He comes not?" Yea he cometh—needeth not
Thy watching and thy waiting. He seeks thee
As surely as the mountain stream the sea.
He cometh—nor hath e'er one life forgot.
But when he neareth, saying: "Here am I!"
Shall he find all things fit, or pass thee by?

—Anna C. Brackett.

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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal. Thursday, February 16, 1905.

The Pacific Coast in Brief.

Los Angeles and Seattle seek the Christian Endeavor convention for 1907.

An effort will be made to raise $300,000 for a building for the Los Angeles Y. M. C. A. It ought to succeed.

The Congregational church extension society of San Francisco and vicinity will hold its annual meeting in the Richmond church on Thursday evening, Feb. 23. The address will be given by Rev. W. H. Hopkins of Berkeley.

The California Sunday School Association will hold its annual convention at Stockton, April 12th to the 14th. The Association now has its headquarters in San Francisco instead of Oakland. C. R. Fisher, the general secretary, is doing an excellent work.

The Rev. C. R. Brown of the First Congregational church, is the veteran pastor in Oakland. Since he entered on his work there in 1896 there have been changes in all the Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and other Protestant churches in that city.

Last week Seattle was swept by an epidemic of la grippe and many resultant cases of pneumonia. The secretary of the board of health stated that there was more sickness than ever before at this season of the year. Numerous deaths from pneumonia were reported.

The Honolulu Friend claims to be the oldest paper west of the Mississippi. It has been published for sixty-two years. It is one of the institutions or fruits of the early missionary work in the Hawaiian Islands. The Friend is only a monthly publication, but it is doing much good among the churches in that mid-Pacific region.

In a lecture in the East a few days ago the Rev. Dr. N. D. Hillis referred to a visit which he had with Mr. Luther Burbank, when he was in California last year, and said in an hyperbole: "Give Burbank a strawberry plant and a milk-weed, and a little time to think, and in a short while we would have strawberries and cream growing on the same vine."

The Pacific Baptist states that out of 837 families in one district of the Baptist church only 273 are taking their denominational paper. The proportion ought to be much greater. No home should be without a religious paper, and while we do not believe in laying special emphasis on the denomination this much can be said: If one's life is to count for anything religiously it must be mainly in the channels of his own denomination. It may operate influentially far more widely than that; but if it does not count for something there it will not count for anything anywhere.

The California Voice makes mention of the fact that the New Voice, the organ of the national prohibition party and the Anti-Saloon League, have formed an alliance and will work in co-operation; and adds: "While we might question the wisdom of such a move, still we are unselfish enough to hope and pray that national prohibition may be hastened by it." We believe it will be if co-operation is thorough and hearty. And it is to be hoped that this action on the part of The New Voice will result in swinging prohibitionists everywhere into co-operation with the League. The battle against the saloon will not be a short one, however, no matter what the alliance and what the effort.

The following pledge, taken by the members of the Baptist church in Los Angeles of which the Rev. Robert Burdette is pastor, is worthy of space in our columns: "I will live honestly and walk uprightly before God and man; I will keep my lips sweet with words of kindness; my heart pure with noble ideals; my hands clean with honorable deeds; I will keep my body sacred and my soul free; I will strive to be rich in love, strong in gentleness, untiring in patience, abundant in hope; I will serve God by helping some of his children; I will try always to be better than my word and more liberal than my promise; every day I will make the most of myself, and so be ready for the opportunities which God daily sends to those who are ready for them."

Last Sunday was the best day in the evangelistic campaign in Los Angeles. Two mass meetings for men were held, one in the Simpson auditorium, the other in the First Methodist Episcopal Church. So great were the crowds that many were turned away from these places to the meetings which were held elsewhere. There was great interest wherever the meetings were held, and a large number signed cards or otherwise expessed desire to lead the Christian life. Among the services held were some among the prisoners in the jails. In the woman's ward in the county jail where services were conducted by the W. C. T. U., eighteen women professed conversion. It is said that at the meeting for men conducted by Dr. Chapman in the First Methodist Church, there were more cards signed than at any other service since the work was inaugurated. Last Thursday it was estimated that more than two thousand persons had started in the Christian life, and many have responded each day since then.

Last week we stated that we were expecting from Los Angeles an account of the evangelistic meetings in progress in that city. It arrived after the paper was ready for the press. We give here an extract from that brief article, which was from the Rev. Dr. Warren F. Day: "From the outset the attendance has been as large as could be cared for. The Sunday morning services only have been held in the co-operating churches. All other Sabbath and week-day meetings have been swept into the union ranks. And these morning services have been nearly if not entirely shaped for immediate results. Sunday afternoon and evening have been only a little more intense than the week-day meetings. All ot the assemblies have been

marked by a large proportion of men. These meetings, have ben devoid, to an unusual extent, of objectionable features. Seldom have eight such speakers, with their singers, been brought together in one city for such work. Seldom have so many sermons been preached in which the most sensitive could find so little to criticise. Many of the sermons have been powerful in the noblest sense. All trace of the professional evangelist has been displaced by manifestations of a profound conviction of the truth of what they are preaching, and a tremendous earnestness in wrestling to prevail with men and to win them to Christ. A remarkable midnight meeting was held in one of the down-town theaters on the stormiest night of the season, when a body of Christian people marched through the streets singing the triumphant songs of Zion. The theater was crowded with just the class of people for whom the meeting was intended. The city is moved as never before, and many are accepting Christ. The churches and ministers are blending as never before."

The directory of the First Congregational church of San Francisco shows that $37,811 were contributed for home expenses and benevolences during the year 1904. The complete records go back only to 1862, and the total amount for home expenses and benevolences during the forty-three years since then is $1,137,447. Of this amount $334,879 were for benevolences. Between January 1st, 1897, and December 31st, 1904, the total contributions were $261,876, of which amount $153,298 were for benevolences and $108,578 for home expenses. It was in 1896 that the affairs of this church were at the lowest. Less than $14,000 were contributed for all purposes. It was in the latter part of that year that the Rev. Dr. George C. Adams entered on the pastorate. In 1897 the contributions had nearly doubled, and for the eight years ending with 1904 they aggregated the figures herein given, amounting to an average of $32,734.50 a year. The membership of this church the first of the year was 774, 85 having been added during the year 1904. The church was organized in 1849, eight persons uniting with the organization by letter. The membership in 1850 was 19; in 1851 it was 27; in 1852 it was 42 and the contributions for benevolences amounted to $158. In 1858 they had increased to $2,483; in 1859 the home expenditures were $7,016, and the benevolences $2,079. The largest number of persons received to membership during any one year was 139 in 1892. The largest number received during any period of two years was in 1892 and '93, the number being 226. In 1901 and 1902 the total was 220. Taking a period of three years the largest number of accessions was for the years 1901, 1902 and 1903, the total being 312. Such in part is the history of one of the most influential churches on the Pacific coast.

The Sacramento Union states that the money embezzled in California in 1904 amounted to $1,058,000; that in this particular crime California stands second only to New York in the amount of money involved, and that the amount per capita is far ahead of that in any other state. The Union continues. "Californians are the best of patrons of that unfortunate adjunct of the race course, horse-race gambling. At the Ascot gambling park near Los Angeles and at the Oakland race course it is estimated that $50,000,000 was placed in wagers last year. The Los Angeles Express states that the Ascot gamblers handle $25,000,000 and more for the season. The Oakland establishment would scarcely wish to be considered second to Ascot in the volume of its business. The two distinctions that have come to California—high record for embezzlements, and equally high record for horse-race betting—go naturally together. Horse-race gambling makes the embezzler, and where there is much of the first, high record for the second may be looked for. San Quentin and Folsom are filled with the unfortunates who have made California's record for embezzlement, and the pockets of the race-course gamblers are filled with embezzled gold. The man who defends these criminal-making gambling parks, such as are maintained at Oakland and at Ascot, is not necessarily a horse-lover; quite the contrary, he is usually a grafter who prostitutes horse-racing for grafting purposes. The gambler-grafter has done more to discredit legitimate horse-racing than any other class in the country. Through his manipulation of races to defraud the public he has brought horse-racing into disrepute, and made it shameful. From an honorable sport it has degenerated into a raw graft game for robbing the public. The average Californian is a true sportsman and loves a horse; Californians have invested a million and a half in race horses and six millions in stock farms; from this state have gone the greatest race horses that the world has ever seen. But unless the grafting element that operates gambling parks and develops embezzlers be suppressed, race horse-raising in this state is destined to be discredited. There is no connection between race horse-raising and legitimate races, and embezzlement; and a crew of grafting scoundrels should not be permitted to establish an apparent connection." One cannot read widely the newspapers in California without coming to the conclusion that there is everywhere a strong feeling against race-track gambling. It seems as if the sentiment ought to be sufficient to secure from the legislature the enactment of a law prohibiting it. But powerful forces are at work to prevent it.

The Religious World.

The International Sunday School Convention for 1905 is to be held in Toronto in June.

"The Mauna Kea" is the name of a Japanese Christian newspaper which is being published now in the interests of the Japanese churches in Hawaii. It was started last March in Hilo and has a circulation now of 500 copies a month.

The Salvation Army in a town in New Mexico was endeavoring at a tent meeting one night to get enough money pledged to purchase a lot for a building. A Chinaman came up, put his head through a hole in the tent, and said: "Puttee me down $10." The Chinese when touched by the gospel always show themselves responsive to the needs of Christian work.

The address on "Lessons of the Welsh Revival," given by Dr. Campbell Morgan in London a few weeks ago, has been printed in pamphlet form by the Fleming H. Revell Company of New York and Chicago. One who wishes its wide circulation has authorized the printing of a large edition for free distribution. It may be had, within the limit of the edition, on application to the publishing house herein named.

Not less than two thousand cards were signed during the recent evangelistic meetings in Denver, the persons signing thus expressing their desire to lead

a Christian life. We have inquired of one of the leading pastors, one who was prominently identified with the work, as to results. His answer was in part as follows: "As to the number of conversions in our special campaign, no one can tell. They will probably not be as great as they have been reported. But the general impression upon the community and the general toning up of religious life, are enough in themselves to more than justify the effort."

The Dutch Reformed Church of Schenectady, New York, was so satisfied with the results of the union revival meetings in that city in which the pastor was a leader that meetings were inaugurated again last week, to continue as long as interest should keep up. The New York Sun says: "When it is considered that this church has the wealthiest and most conservative members in Schenectady, this practically spontaneous movement is a strong indication that the spirit of another great awakening is in the air." Mention is then made by the Sun of the religious movements in different parts of the world as pointing in this direction.

One of the missionaries who went to the Hawaiian Islands in 1833 is still living in Honolulu, and is known everywhere as "Mother Parker." In December she celebrated her 99th birthday. The Honolulu Advertiser stated that she was well at that time, received callers all day, and expected to celebrate her centennial next December. Ten American Board missionaries are now residing in the islands. "Mother Rice" went there in 1841 and "Mother Castle" in 1843. Others who went there in early years and are still living there are Rev. and Mrs. O. H. Gulick, Rev. and Mrs. S. E. Bishop and Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Alexander.

The revival movement in Wales is not going on without some hitches and changes now and then. Mr. W. T. Stead writes concerning Mr. Evan Roberts that "he is no longer content to allow people to reel and rock and sing and pray and testify as the spirit moves them." He states that experience has convinced Mr. Roberts that many persons in the name of the Spirit advertise themselves, disturb meetings and spoil the spiritual atmosphere. "He is compelled more and more to exercise his authority. No one accuses him of abusing it. He is what psychical research folk would call a sensitive. His nature is tremulously responsive to the spiritual temperament. Wrangling, self-seeking, mere carnal curiosity in a meeting jar upon his sensitive temperament, and he either closes the meeting or departs." At a meeting on a recent Sunday night, it is said, Mr. Roberts complained of a lack of "fire," and in the midst of it put on his hat and coat and expressed intention to depart, saying, "Who can remain here?" Accordingly after asking the people to sing "Lead Kindly Light," he took his departure.

Mr. W. T. Stead, the noted English journalist, rebukes those who criticise the Torrey-Alexander meetings. Mr. Stead went to Liverpool while the evangelistic meetings were in progress in that city, and said on his return to London concerning the work to be inaugurated there that those who should oppose it would make one of the greatest mistakes of their lives, and that it would be a great mistake not to give the movement the most hearty support. It is stated that the persons who criticise and oppose Mr. Torrey are those who hold what they call advanced views as to the Bible and theology. Mr. Stead is quoted as to this: "Intolerance and narrow-mindedness are never so intolerant and narrow-minded as when they array themselves in the garb of broad views and modern thought." The London Christian regards this as highly significant, coming as it does from a man who is "broad" himself. It is significant also that "Ian Maclaren" has written in a highly appreciative way of the work by Dr. Torrey. The article by Ian Maclaren appeared in the Liverpool Daily Post and was signed "A Minister of the Suburbs." At the dinner given to Dr. Torrey by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool mention was made of this by Dr. Torrey who said that one did not need to be a higher critic to know who was its author, and went on to say that nothing other had given him quite so much pleasure as that letter had. "Ian Maclaren" was sitting at the table that evening and Dr. Torrey then paid tribute to him as the writer of the article. The British Weekly says that this interchange of friendly feeling between these two persons of different thought has given great satisfaction and has done much good.

Busy World Notes.

The autograph letter of President Roosevelt to Frederic Mistral, the Provencal poet who carried off, last year, the Nobel prize for literature, contains some beautiful sentiments. Mr. Roosevelt acknowledges the receipt of a copy of Mistral's poems, and gives hearty approval of the poet's teachings. In part he said: "You are teaching a lesson that none more need to learn than we of the West; we of this eager, restless, wealth-seeking nation; the lesson that after a certain not very high level of material well being has been reached, then things that really count in life are things of tne spirit. Factories and railroads are good up to a certain point, but courage and endurance, love of wife and child, love of home and country, love of lover for sweetheart, love of beauty in man's work and in nature love and emulation of daring and lofty endeavor are the homely workaday virtues and heroic virtues. These are better still, and if they are lacking, no piled up riches, nor roaring, clanging industrialism, no feverish and many-sided activity shall avail either individual or nation. I do not undervalue these things of a nation's body. I only desire that they shall not make us forget that beside the nation's body there is also the nation's soul."

At the recent service in the United States Senate in memory of the late Senator Hoar high tribute was paid to his worth and character. We wish that the following from the eulogy by Senator Gallinger might come to the eyes or ears of every young man in America: "Senator Hoar's life was the highest type of civic patriotism, for it was dedicated in the loftiest degree to the public service. Honor, fame, reward awaited him in his profession or in the field of literature. Yielding to his inclination and taste he had ahead of him the comforts of private life, its enjoyments, its freedom from public vexations, its satisfying returns. This enticing picture of the future he put aside when the call came to him to take up the public burden, and he bore his part without complaint. Truly there is a heroism of peace as well as of war, and Senator Hoar was the civic hero of his generation. Could anything be more beautiful and inspiring than his life? In the world at large he had also his part in the public weal. Did the cause of philanthropy need an advocate, he was there. Did the oppressed of other nations call for a champion, his voice was raised in their behalf.

Was it a moral lesson to teach, he pointed it with a force at once striking and effective. Did the shadow of superstition darken the land, his gospel of faith, hope and cheer lifted the veil. To his neighbors he was the beloved citizen. To his countrymen he was the statesman without reproach. To the youth of the nation he was the example of true manhood. To us here he was a helper and friend. To the future we may leave his fame, content that he who writes impartially of that period of the republic from the close of the war between the states to the incoming twentieth century will place Senator Hoar high among those who loved their country, and gave of the best within them for her betterment." How different all this from the lives of many men prominently before the public today! Think of it in comparison with some of the boodle legislators not only in California, but in other states also.

"Co-operation of all temperance organizations against the saloon" seems to be the watchword of the times. The alliance of the New Voice, the organ of the party prohibitionists, with the Anti-Saloon League and the plan to unite all Christian people in a war against the saloon power meets with wide approval. Amos R. Wells, editor of the Christian Endeavor World, says: "I am delighted with the editorial in The New Voice urging co-operation among the temperance forces of this land. That's sound sense. That's statesmanship. That's the gospel." Congressman Littlefield of Maine says: "I heartily approve the new departure of The Voice. There is not only no reason why all who are interested in the promotion of the great moral, civil, and political reforms may not earnestly, energetically, and conscientiously work together upon the broad platform of tolerance for every honest difference of opinion, but there is every reason why they should, as it is only by the adoption of such a course that they can hope to achieve the success desired. Bigotry always contra-indicates success. Full, free, candid, and fair discussion is essential thereto." The Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus congratulates the editor of The Voice on any plan which will federate those who have been noisy in their disagreement rather than effective in united endeavor in the battle against the liquor traffic and says in that connection: "The assaults which have been made upon the good intentions and wisdom and personal reputation of those who have not sympathized entirely with the Prohibition program have done such harm that it will require a good deal of excellent judgment, and perhaps some self-sacrifice, to square things up. I believe you to be broad enough, and entirmely sincere, so that there will be less waste of ammunition on the part of the contesting friends in the presence of the foe. I know of no movement in which your distinguished abilities may be more gloriously tested." It is to be hoped that nothing will defeat this federation of temperance forces. The liquor traffic is so enthroned that it is throttling the world.

"Father John" of Russia is one of the world's noted clergymen. Persons from other lands who have come to know him have written of him as a man of saintly life. It is said that an hundred million Muscovites reverence him more than they do the Czar. We have wondered for some time what his attitude was as to the Russo-Japanese war and lately as to the riots in the cities of his own country. Recent special press dispatches quote him as having said: "Tell everybody I am no politician. I am a man of peace. The strikers are wrong. I am with God and the Czar. The Czar will do right. He is sent from God. Patience and prayer will solve. I hate war. These Japanese are heathens, but they have rights. I will preach no crusade, but the Russians must continue to defend themselves. I believe the war was sent by God to try the Russians and punish them for their sins." Father John is described as follows by a correspondent who saw him recently in his home at Cronstadt: "Father John lives in a small, plain flat, the walls covered with gilded images and religious pictures. His niece greeted me and led me through two rooms into a bedroom where, on a little camp bed draped with silver brocade, lay Father John. His face resembles a conventional picture of the Savior. His eyes are blue like a child's. He is of a fresh complexion and looked fragile, ascetic, but kindly. His silvery beard and hair, combined with a long, silvery garment, caused him to resemble a silver statue with painted face. The holy man speaks Russian only. Raising himself on his elbow he blessed me and began in a drawling, musical peasant's voice: 'I am deaf in one ear. Speak loud. I have been in bed ill since December 18. I arose for the first time a fortnight ago. I have no disease but am now suffering from old age and weakness. I am 78 years old and am now near death. You are the first foreigner I have seen for months, and probably will be the last I will see in my life. I see America is interested in me." It was then that he uttered the words already quoted; but, he added, "In his good time God will give us victory." Questioned concerning Tolstoi, he said, "He turned against the holy church; he is a great sinner. I would gladly welcome him back to the fold, but he has cut himself off." When asked if he had any message to send to Americans he replied, "Send them my blessing. Bid them pray earnestly and continuously."

AN EFFORT TO WIN B. FAY MILLS.

At one of the evangelistic meetings in Los Angeles the Rev. Dr. Robert McIntyre of the Methodist church asked that prayers be offered for B. Fay Mills that he might be brought back into the ranks of Christian believers. A daily paper reports Dr. McIntyre as saying: "I have read his words in the daily press and they lead me to believe that the man has a sweet spirit and a sound heart, but he is out in the fog of unbelief and I want to see him brought back. I do not know Mr. Mills personally, but if God would let me welcome him back to the ranks where he did such valiant service I should account it a great privilege. If this could be done it would send a thrill of joy from one end of the nation to the other."

It seems that later several ministers met Mr. Mills and made an earnest and prolonged effort to bring about in him a change of belief and purpose, but without success. One of the Los Angeles daily papers reports the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman as saying:

"B. Fay Mills was the dearest friend of my early days. He was my classmate in college, my nearest neighbor as a pastor and gave me my introduction to the Christian world as an evangelist. I always used to think of him as one of the noblest men God ever made. His friendship was ideal, and his ability as a preacher surpassed almost anyman I have ever known. He was a born organizer and a mighty man of God. As to why he left his old position for one which is utterly at variance to what the world needs today, I prefer to say nothing, only there is a vast difference between the B. Fay Mills of today and other days.

"The fact that he would announce or permit a ser-

vice in connection with his Fellowship, while the revival meetings were in progress and especially on the night when his old-time friends were making an effort to reach lost men and women in the midnight service, is a sad commentary in itself. Such a thing in other days would have been utterly abhorrent to B. Fay Mills and he would have been hurt beyond expression if anyone had been so inconsiderate in the olden days.

"In the appeal made to him to return to the religion of his father and mother I witnessed the greatest exhibition of brotherly love on the part of the ministers of this city I have ever seen. I confidently expected him to pass through the open door of old-time leadership and power. The fact that he closed the door and turned his back on the tears and prayers of his friends has made my heart sick. I pity him from the depths of my soul. There is no sacrifice I would not make to see him leading the evangelistic forces of the country. He is the most to be pitied of any man in the world. Some day he will see it when it is too late. No man can afford to trifle with God's mercy, or be indifferent to his Son.

"The American people are quick to see a good thing and grasp it, no matter who gives it, if they see the hope of growing better and becoming stronger. Why is it Mr. Mills, if he has such a great blessing for humanity, has such a comparatively poor hearing as compared with the city ministers? His audiences do not in any way equal the audiences of Dr. McIntyre or Dr. Talmage. Why is it Mr. Mills is today preaching to hundreds when with his former message he preached to thousands?"

The Rev. Dr. McIntyre is quoted as having said:

"The reason we ministers have not changed is because we have not that sympathetic imaginative temperament of Mr. Mills. He is an oriental and ought to wear a turban instead of a fedora. He will not follow a logical highway, but strays into any mystical morass and is presently bogged.

"His chief trouble is, he has never had a proper theological training, as he jumped from a preparatory school into a pulpit.

"Bro. Mills never was, as he told me, an orthodox preacher. He never proclaimed salvation through faith in the atoning blood of the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. He never accepted the doctrines of eternal punishment, though he caused by his peculiar witchery of language, multitudes to believe that he preached both fundamental dogmas.

"He makes much of the spirit of Christ; little of the blood of Christ, forgetting that 'The Spirit answers to the blood and tells us we are born of God.' Not being grounded in the faith, either by doctrine or experience, he naturally drifted. This drifting he calls development and his present position is ambiguous; his theology nebulous and his influence hurtful to hundreds who once looked to him for the bread of life and whom he is now feeding with the east wind.

"He is a charming gentleman; a clever writer; a magnetic speaker; a pure-minded husband and a man of ability and nobility. I admire and love him, but to me his career is pitiful. The man who might have led multitudes to the cross and ranked with Moody, McNeil, Torrey, Chapman and Harrison, is destined, unless he will listen to the appeals of those who keep the faith of his mother, to become a mere echo of the unspeakable George D. Herron, the feather-brained Socialist, and lose all his power in a total religious collapse. He is a modern instance of the 'blind guide' leading the blind and they will both fall into the ditch."

Sunday, February 5th, Mr. Mills spoke on the topic, "Why My Opinions Were Changed." Last Sunday his topic was, "What I Believe and Why I Believe It." In the last address he said:

"It has been recently said in the public press by one of the ministers of this city, that I am more to be pitied than any man in the world. If I am the most miserable man in the world, this is a good world, and there is hope for all men. If I were miserable and were given my choice, I would still go on and count all sacrifice as nothing that I might be loyal to my highest convictions."

Concerning his belief, Mr. Mills said at that time:

"I believe not less, but more than formerly. I am not wandering in 'the fogs of unbelief.' I stand under a clear sky with a shining sun and a vision of the eternal. I emphasize no doubts, I teach no negations, I encourage no pessimism, I tolerate no despair.

"I formerly believed some things. Now I believe all things. I do not believe that man is fallen, and that he needs special redemption. I do not think that God has ever failed, and that he had to atone for his failure and man's folly by the blood of his Son. It is inconceivable to me that I ever have thought so, or that others still believe it.

"I believe there is one God, who has thrown himself out in the manifestation of nature to the remotest atom, and that in the densest particle of matter there is an intelligence that works as the wisest man, and one wiser than man would, if he were there in person. Nature is the progressive manifestation of the inescapable necessity of God to express himself as he really is. History is the record of the relation of God to himself, as is shown in the developing experience of the human race.

"I believe in all men, I do not believe in the ultimate loss of a single soul, a single cell, a single atom. I do not believe there is any loss anywhere, except in a very restricted sense of the word. I hold the doctrine of hell which teaches that fires burn now and will burn with increasing intensity to burn the dross of sensuality and selfishness from every human life, and I say to my fellow-men, with tremendous moral energy, some day we will have to choose to be good."

The Sunday on which he spoke on "Why My Opinions Were Changed," Mr. Mills said: "My opinions were changed because I grew in mental and moral and spiritual development until the conceptions of my childhood and of the childhood of the race were as inappropriate to my present position as a child's clothes would be to a man. I can say as Paul did, 'When I was a child I thought as a child, but when I became a man I put away childish things."

"Personally, I am interested wholly in religion, as I understand it. My views have altered, but I have kept my religion. I have been called by the great Unseen Spirit to bear witness to the Good, the True and the Beautiful.

"I am told that prayers have been offered the past week for my conversion. They have been answered. I am thoroughly converted to the efficacy of the great gospel of the absolute sufficiency of the life of trustful love. There are enough who believe it to be their business to conserve the old and outgrown and to minister to those who hold fast to the ancient dogmas. 'I feel the earth move sunward, I join the great march onward,' and I propose to let the dead bury their dead,

while I see the reign of unselfishness in my heart and in the hearts of all men.

"A brother prayed for me in my presence this last week, with tears, that I might 'go back.' Do not, dear friend. Pray that I may look up and not down, and go forward, and not backward."

THE EVANGELISM OF CHRIST.

The Rev. W. J. Dawson, the noted London preacher, has entered on the evangelistic campaign arranged for him by the committee of the Congregational National Council, and his sermons are making a deep impression wherever he goes.

At the End of Materialism and of Faith in Culture.

In a sermon last week in a Massachusetts city Mr. Dawson said: "We are at the end of materialism. You can't live by it. America is not going to be able to live by it; no intelligent man will live by materialism. And you are at the end also of the theory that human salvation can be obtained by purely social means. We have tried it. Some good has been done, but it has not gone very deep, and we have come back after all to the saying of your own Horace Bushnell that 'the soul of improvements is the improvement of the soul.'"

"And we have come to the end pretty nearly of our faith in culture as being able in itself to do all that is necessary for the redemption of mankind. It can do a great deal, no doubt, to help us. But culture can prove just as hostile to virtue as ignorance. And we might have known it long ago if we had paid any heed to history. The old truth told by St. Paul to the Corinthians is still true: 'The world by wisdom knew not God.' Nay, more; it seems to me that a whole series of events are happening just now as though to prove to us in one supreme object lesson that the arm of the Lord is not shortened that it cannot save."

The Lost Man Does Not Come Home.

In the same sermon, which was on "The Evangelism of Christ," Mr. Dawson sought to impress on the minds of his hearers the importance of seeking to bring men and women to Christ, and said in that connection:

"The lost man does not come home. He doesn't know how to come home. He can't come home, he doesn't know the way and he hasn't got the strength. He must be sought if he is to come home. When I slept once at St. Bernard's Hospice, I remember noticing as I drew near the hospice how the great cross upon the rock stood out against the stormy sky, the signal of redemption, and there was the hospice, with its thick walls amid the falling snows and its door ready to be opened to the traveler. Ah, but that was not enough. The traveler can't always see the cross amid the driving snow storm, and the traveler can't always get as far as the door, though he believes the door would be opened if he got there. And so beside the cross and beside the hospice, there is something else. There are the dogs, trained and ready. There are monks watching and eager and at the first cry of distress the dogs and the monks are out in the snow, seeking for that which is lost.

"My friends, it isn't enough to build your hospice, your church, and say to the people, come. Christ's word is not come, Christ's word is seek, seek. Go out and seek that which is lost. And then if you want another reason, that reason was in the history of Christianity itself. I need go on no further than the story of my own country. I look back and I see marching into Canterbury the first great company of missionary priests, carrying their great golden cross before them and making the sweet English air sweeter yet with the hallelujahs of the Christ. Some one sought us. And I look back to your early records. I remember the name of such a man as Bishop Asbury and all those magnificent pioneer preachers who pushed their way into the waste. Some one sought you. And as we have been sought and found, so it is now our turn to seek and to find. And I find as I look all through the story of Christianity that Christianity has never progressed except in those ages when the spirit of search has suddenly sprung up in men's hearts again, and instead of sitting still in the tabernacle they have come out and have gone down the mountain slopes to the place where the world has lain stricken and wounded. And then there is another reason more powerful still. It is this, that all sense of the reality of religion perishes when the passion for the lost dies down. You have to save in order to believe in saving."

Mr. Dawson said to the people who listened to him that night that it was the education of pity that had brought him there; that it was the pity of the things which he saw that broke him down and altered his life. And then he gave a leaf from his recent experience.

Work Among the Lowest.

"Let me take you to a scene for a moment, far from this beautiful country, to that crowded London of mine. There, in a narrow street, dark as the entrance to infernal regions, are two houses I know. In one house each night seventy lost women sleep, in the other, fifty, the homeless wanderers of the streets. Womanhood at its lowest. Can one do anything to save them? you ask. Why, yes; for from those two houses I have taken eight women, who are now reclaimed, one of them is teaching in a Sunday-school today. I have learned to see them come into my church as I have preached, poor things, crouching behind a pillar yonder. I have had little dirty scraps of paper sent up, 'Please sing, When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.' I knew where it came from. The week before Christmas, when I got home, I went down to those two houses with my son and daughter, and spoke to every one of those women, and told them that on Christmas day, at all events, they should be safe. On Christmas day I fed every one of them; they should have their Christmas dinner and the lodging house keeper himself gave them their beds for nothing that night, so that on Christmas night, the night of the Savior, there should be no crime under that roof. The pity of it! and the world is full of things like that! And here we sit quiet, we live our respectable lives, we do not think of it, we don't want to think of it, some of us."

The Common People.

"Christ proved as he came close and yet closer to the common people how lovable they were. And, my friends, some of us have found that out, too. As I have already told you, one of the discoveries I have made in my own mission work in trying to touch the lowest of the population was this: How easy they were to be touched. There is more indifference to Christianity in the churches than there is among the men of the street. It is here where the indifference is. Outside and especially among the lowest there is a gratitude for kindness, there is an instant response which one does not often get under the sermon-hardened pew-holders of respectable churches. Go out

and get close to the common people and you will find out what Christ observed. How teachable they are and how lovable they are, how easy it is to save them."

ONE OF THE MYSTICS OF THE WELSH REVIVAL.

By the Rev. H. Elvet Lewis, in the British Weekly.

[The Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan and others who have studied the Welsh revival have written of the visions which some of the Welsh people have had and have connected them with the words in Joel: "And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. And also upon the handmaids and upon the servants in those days will I pour our my spirit." We have no opinion to express just now concerning these things. But one of the most interesting incidents of the revival is given here as it is recounted in The British Weekly.—Editor.]

There are certain episodes of the revival in Wales which one hesitates to publish because of their tendency to attract disproportionate attention, and stir too ready prejudices. But without them the story will remain incomplete; and that is my reason for referring to an episode which has been a good deal abused, in more ways than one.

On the marshy land between Barmouth and Harlech, a farmstead—occupied by a farmer in early middle age, his wife, their one living child, and two servants—has been the alleged center of a series of signs and portents. I will give the narrative, as far as my memory serves me, in Mrs. Jones' own terms.

She has been religious from her childhood. Some seven years ago she lost her little boy, and four years later, her only sister. The two had been left orphans, so that the elder had been both mother and sister, and her loss was so severely felt by the younger, that her faith in God was overclouded. She felt herself hardening against him more and more: "I do not believe," she said simply, "that any one ever had harder thoughts of him than I had then." She lost taste for the services of the chapel, for the Bible, for prayer. Her husband was not a member, but a faithful attendant, while she, who was a member, stayed away more and more.

One Sunday evening, a little over a year ago, she met his request to accompany him to the little mission chapel with the usual reply: "It is no use; there was nothing in the chapel for her." So she remained at home alone. After they had gone, something strongly moved her to ask: "Is there no book in the house that can help me?" There was a Bible, but that had become a blank book. Searching among the few odd volumes in the house, she found Sheldon's "In His Steps." She began to read, listlessly at first, and then with growing interest, almost awe. When her husband came home, he was struck by the changed face—a face which had been softened by no tears, lighted by no smiles for months, and now it alternated with both. She told him how the light had come. "What would Jesus do?" was from that night on her one question. She had read the book in English, she sought for copies in her more familiar native tongue, to read it again and distribute among her neighbors. "But somehow," she added, "I could not find in the Welsh version what was to me that Sunday evening in the original"—though Welsh is her everyday speech.

She returned to her chapel and became a most faithful but silent helper, her only public part being the giving out of a hymn. But when news of the South Wales movement came, she was deeply moved, and at last asked her brother, who superintended the mission or branch chapel—to announce meetings for prayer. She was full of expectation; but the first meeting, on a Monday evening, chilled her very heart. However, another was announced for the Thursday. It was better attended, and people took part more readily, she herself making the first attempt. There was now no doubt about continuing, night after night. She became, without knowing how, the leading worker in these meetings, speaking little, except in prayer and hymn, but possessing an influence that would be almost strange, in winning others to take part, and leading others to Christ. In the daytime she visited and invited; in the evening she had her reward. When the fortnight was completed, to the day, fifty-one had been brought to Christ in that rural, thinly-populated neighborhood.

She gave many a striking incident of this fortnight's meetings, which I need not chronicle here. She made no reference to the signs, until my friend and I asked her. She answered as simply as if she were speaking about the fire on the hearth, that she had seen almost from the first, each evening, a fire or light, between her and the hills which rise from the marshy shore—a quickly vibrating light, "as though full of eyes," so another described it. It had revealed to her what to expect at the meetings? Yes, without fail. One evening she had interpreted the sign to mean four converts. But only three responded when the test was made in the crowded little chapel. "But there must be four," she said. No, there could not be; all the rest except the three who had declared themselves that night, were already members. "But there ought to be four tonight," she repeated. No fourth could be found, until the door of the little vestibule was opened, and one stood there halting between two opinions. The opening of the door and a kindly word brought the inquirer inside. And the four were completed.

She had seen the light hovering over some houses on the hilltops; she was puzzled, for she thought there was no one in those houses unconverted, or at least out of church membership. But one day she was told by the Wesleyan minister of Barmouth and another friend, who visited her, that there was one old woman in one of the houses, not now on Christ's side. "Ah! that must be it," she said. The two friends went up, found the woman in concern for her soul. Mrs. Jones herself visited her; she became one of the fifty-one in that marvelous fortnight.

Such are portions of the narrative quietly and simply told us.

"But were you not a good deal disturbed by this appearance of the light, evening after evening?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "except in this way. As long as it played between me and the hills I was not afraid, but I had at first some fear, I cannot tell why, lest it should flash on the road beneath my feet."

"And has it?"

"Oh, no; when I come home late by myself, it sometimes comes like a white mist, gently shining on the road, but it never flashes then."

So far my narrative of our hour's interview that morning in the homely little farmhouse by the sea. I have softened nothing in order to enhance credibility.

Let me add some auxiliary data. That some mysterious lights have been seen on this shore during the past few weeks, is beyond doubt. Nor is this the first time for the coast of this bay to be so visited. They have been reported before—especially one winter in 1649. Too many accredited witnesses have seen them this time to put it down to excited imagination. As to the rest I must leave the reader as mystified as I felt, and feel. Only in dealing with the case, let us be reverent. Think of this sorely-disciplined soul, her weary months of darkened faith, her freshly-kindled zeal, her quiet missionary efforts, her fifty-one converts in a fortnight —without counting her later journeys further afield—think of it all, with her constant employ in intercessory prayer, and I hesitate to call it all illusion. If it be pure imagination, what true poetry of the Spirit is in her fancying that it never flashed when she was in the dark, alone, but was only a gentle illumination for her footsteps!—

"I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

Her "private interpretation" of the signs of heaven may appear to careful minds all mistaken. To her they are quite secondary: she would probably have allowed us to depart without mentioning them, but for the leading question put to her. But they are in the revival annals of that district, and they may make us pause before sinking back to smug naturalism.

A GREAT NEED IN PRESENT-DAY EVANGELISM.

Rev. Luther Davis.

We need evangelistic churches, and they are coming; they are arriving every day. We need evangelistic Sunday-schools, and they are coming. We are learning —have learned—that the Sunday-school is more than an educational institution. We need evangelistic Christian Endeavor Societies and Christian Endeavor has stood forth always as a champion of evangelistic effort. We need evangelistic pastors and sessions and committees and professional evangelists; and though we have none too many, they are all coming. But perhaps the greatest of all evangelistic agencies is the home.

The Christian home seems, however, to be moving away from, rather than toward, this work. The abandonment of family worsip is a sign of the direction in which our homes are moving. The abandonment of catechetical instruction is a sign. The omission of grace at the family meal is a sign. The absence of those little family gatherings on Sabbath evenings for the singing of familiar and beloved hymns is a sign. And this is the thing signified: the resignation by the home of its task and its privilege of giving to the children definite religious instruction and turning their hearts to the love of Christ.

I grant freely the strong, patient, and tender Christian living of the parents, but why do they not speak? Why do they let their boys and girls grow to maturity with never a word to them of personal faith in Christ? Aye, speech is sometimes golden. It brings reality and power where before was mist and fog. Many a man's faith is scarcely more than a dream—a ghost—to him, simply because he has not breathed it in a human ear. Many a man's faith is a far mightier, lovelier thing than those nearest to him ever guess, because he has never let it come upon his lips. Is a woman content with the unuttered love of her husband, the love of little attentions and patient care merely? She wants it spoken as well as lived, and she is right about it. Speech was not given us for nought. One of God's divinest gifts it is, the interpreter of life; empty as the wind if there be not life behind it, truly, but mighty as the wind when it expresses life. It is by speech that the world is to be won. The Pentecostal gift came as a tongue. The children are waiting for a word and it does not come. Not infrequently we hear parents say that they do not wish to unduly influence their children, but when they are grown they regret their action and react from it. Then, pray, why should Sabbath-school teachers unduly influence them? Or pastors? Or any one? Shall the children grow up religious ciphers until their own full years qualify them to choose, uninfluenced, what religious (or irreligious) life they may? We have been scared here by a bugaboo. Because there are few men and women among us who blame their present irreligion upon the excessive religious zeal of their parents, we forget that there are ten thousand times ten thousand others who thank God from full hearts that their parents turned their feet early into the way of Christ. This fear of exerting an undue influence does not deter parents in other important departments of the child's life. The care of his physical health, for instance, is not left to the determination of his mature judgment in later life. He is obliged to observe a hundred precautions in which he can see no reason, with the expectation that his common sense, growing with the years, will later give consent. The average child is unable to arouse great enthusiasm over the long process of education, but the wise parent will not for that reason permit it to be neglected. The whole sphere of the child's manners and morals is supervised by the parents in such a way as might lay them open to the charge of "undue influence." At least the child feels sure of it. But no one ever thinks of recommending the let-alone policy here. Are we to conclude, then, that personal religion is a mere luxury? Is it a matter of utter indifference whether a man possesses it or not? If so, then have we misunderstood from A to Z the gospel of Christ? We are told, perhaps, by parents—and by others—that they cannot speak of spiritual things; that the words stick upon their tongues. Aye, that is so; and here, I think, we are getting at the root of the matter. Our poor dumb mouths! They have forgotten the dialect of God. We can speak, fluently enough, when we have a horse to sell. We can speak when we want to get work out of an employe. It is a pity we can speak so easily when we have an evil tale to tell of neighbor Brown. But of the love of God and the grace of Christ we cannot speak,—no, not though the souls of the little ones go famished for our silence. Half the trouble is that we have so little to say. A full heart will make a ready tongue. We need to get down on our knees until we get something to say, something that refuses to remain unsaid. We need to remember, too, "who made man's mouth." "Go," said the Lord to Moses when he complained that he was slow of speech, "Go, and I will go with thy mouth." If you cannot speak, speak anyhow and leave the rest with God.

The paper at the next meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be by the Rev. F. B. Perkins, of Oakland. Last Monday the paper was by Professor Allison, of Berkeley, on "The Oxford Movement." Professor Buckham was to have given a paper on "Modern Winds of Doctrine," but was ill.

A Statement and an Appeal.

To our pastors and churches and all friends of the Congregational Home Missionary Society:

We are impressed that the time has fully come for a frank statement of our condition and an appeal to all those, who equally with ourselves, are charged with the responsibility of carrying on the work of the Congregational Home Missionary Society.

After a year of the most strenuous effort and the strictest economy, owing to an unexpected decrease in legacy receipts, we came to our annual meeting with a debt of $122,000—money that we were forced to borrow to meet our obligations for work authorized at the beginning of the year.

Last year's reduction of $32,000 has been followed this year by a further reduction of $33,000. We have reduced our operating expenses to the lowest possible point consistent with efficiency and our work in the field to the lowest point compatible with safety. No new work is being undertaken, except in Hawaii, from which field there came a call that we could not conscientiously disregard, and for which we have appropriated $3,000, to be raised in special ways; every old field has been made to suffer in the general reduction.

Estimating our probable income and outgo upon the basis of other years, our total debt, at the close of this year, will undoubtedly be in excess of that with which we began the year. If the churches wish their home missionary operations to be continued they must come to our relief, and at least place in our treasury the funds needed to meet outstanding obligations for work on the field.

Through the recent rapid change in the character of her population, and the inrush of a great foreign element, New England, once the generous supporter of the national work, has herself become home missionary ground and requires about all the money contributed by her churches for her own pressing needs. The condition of the West and South, and indeed of every field where we labor, is as urgently needy as ever. Calls which touch our deepest sympathies are constantly coming to us from our self-sacrificing superintendents and missionaries, opportunity beckons us from every side, but we are forced to close our ears and harden our hearts; we dare not move in advance of the evident willingness of the churches.

We appeal, first of all, to the churches and people of New England, our hereditary allies, to aid us in this crisis. We appeal to the great, growing, prosperous Middle West, which so largely owes its splendid educational and religious institutions to the home missionary contributions and the home missionary teachers and preachers of the East, to come to our assistance. We appeal to the churches in every part of the land planted and fostered by this society and now come to strength, and to every Congregational church and every Congregational Christian in our fellowship, to rally to the support of this ancient and honored Society and make possible the efficient continuance of its work.

We are being told that the country is in the midst of a period of unexampled prosperity; the air is full of hope; vast plans for the increase of facilities and the successful handling of the country's ever growing volume of business are being exploited on every hand. Shall not Home Missions share in this prosperity and liberal planning? We do not need to argue the value of home missionary operations, to point to our record, to dwell on the opportunities of the moment or the possibilities of the future. We lay on you the responsibility for the effective pushing of the work which has brought honor to the denominational name and given us our proud place among the foremost evangelizing agencies of the land. We cannot in honor, in justice to the fathers or to ourselves, lay down our work, we cannot suffer it to lag feeble and superflous in the rear of the forces that are struggling to hold this land for a pure faith. Every consideration of legitimate pride, of hope for the Kingdom of God, of obligation to men, as well as our Lord's express command, bids us continue the great work we have for so many years successfully carried on. Our financial year closes with March 31. Contributions intended to apply to the relief of our present needs should be made at once. **Will you not join with us, and with our noble missionaries, in the toil, the sacrifice, and the final triumph?**

Your fellow-laborers in this great ministry,

WATSON L. PHILLIPS, Chairman.	N. MCGEE WATERS	REV. LIVINGSTON L. TAYLOR
CHARLES L. BECKWITH, Rec. Sec.	REV. WILLIAM H. HOLMAN	SYLVESTER B. CARTER
EDWARD P. LYON	WILLIAM H. WANAMAKER	GEORGE W. HEBARD
THOMAS C. MACMILLAN	S. P. CADMAN	C. C. WEST
EDWARD N. PACKARD	FRANK L. GOODSPEED	GEORGE P. STOCKWELL

—EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Church News.

San Francisco, Bethany.—Four persons united with the church at the last communion, two on confession.

Pacific Grove.—"Auntie Goldsmith," as she is called by those who know her, was the recipient of a "Sunshine Bag," containing gifts and kindly words from some of her many friends here, on February 6, that day being her ninety-fourth birthday. A well-rounded life of usefulness and devotion in the Master's service makes the text, "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness," truly applicable in her case.

Sacramento.—A recent pleasant affair in the Sacramento Church was the informal social for men. About fifty were in attendance, and after a social hour they surrounded the tables, which were laden with good things to eat, and around which, later, several persons responded to toasts. The subjects considered had to do largely with the relation of men to the church. The interest and enthusiasm manifested augur well for the work in Sacramento. It is the intention to hold such meetings monthly.

Berkeley, Park.—At the recent annual meeting of Park Church, South Berkeley, reports from the various departments showed a year of steady advancement, notwithstanding an unusual number of hindrances. Sickness in the pastor's family, and among some of the most prominent workers, for a number of months was a time of severe test for the church, but the people bravely faced the situation, and overcame these and other discouragements. The missionary society reported gain in membership and an average of thirty-five at the monthly meetings. The Aid Society showed some particular work planned and accomplished for each month of the year. A boys' club organized was developing into a brigade. Literary and social work for the community was undertaken through a literary club. Perhaps the most brilliant report was from the Sunday-school, organized just a year ago, three-quarters of a mile to the north, in a section without church or Sunday-school privileges. The gain in membership from twenty-two to seventy was encouraging, while the contribution enabled the new child of Park Church to be practically independent within the year.

Oakland, Fourth.—The Rev. F. H. Maar was installed as pastor of this church on Tuesday evening of last week. A little over a year ago, Mr. Maar was called to the pastorate, and since that time, by his earnest efforts, has succeeded not only in building up the church, but has also made for himself a warm place in the hearts of the members of this congregation, and also among the people of the community in which the church is situated. Services of installation were conducted under the direction of Rev. Griffith Griffiths, the moderator of the council. The installation prayer was by Prof. C. S. Nash; the sermon, by Rev. R. C. Brooks; the charge to the pastor, the Rev. J. K. McLean; the charge to the people, Rev. C. R. Brown; the right hand of fellowship, by the Rev. Miles Fisher. At the close of the installation services, the delegates and friends were invited to partake of a lunch which was prepared by the Ladies' Aid society, and served by the young ladies of the King's Daughters. This latter society was organized recently, and, under the leadership of Mrs. Lilly S. Culver, very helpful work is being planned for the church. A new Junior Christian Endeavor Society has been organized, with thirty names of the Sunday-school children enrolled for membership at its first meeting. The pastor has found in Mrs. Lilly Baxley an interested and efficient leader for this Junior work. The church is pervaded by a thorough spirit of harmony, and many blessings are looked for during the present year.

SAN FRANCISCO CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY.

The Congregational Church Extension society, the field of which includes San Francisco and Marin counties, will hold its 12th annual meeting at the Richmond Congregational church in this city on Thursday, February 23d.

The address for the evening will be by the Rev. W. H. Hopkins of Berkeley.

A hearty invitation is extended to all Congregationalists to be present at this meeting. The ladies of the church will provide a supper for delegates and visitors at the usual moderate charge. Supper at 6. Social hour at 5:30.

The by-laws of the society contain the following provisions as to membership: "Each evangelical Congregational church in San Francisco and Marin counties may choose each year two persons from its membership, also a third person for the first $100, and a fourth person for the second $100, contributed to this society during the current fiscal year, to be annual members of this society. The persons so elected shall, together with the pastors of said churches, be members for one year from the next annual meeting. Written notice of such elections shall be given by said bodies to the secretary of this society. If at any annual meeting, or at any other time, any of said churches shall fail to be represented as herein provided, the society may elect from the membership of the unrepresented churches as many members as are necessary to supply such deficiency."

The corporate powers of the society are exercised by a board of eleven directors, each serving three years. Its present officers are: Deacon B. S. Hays, president; Morris Marcus, secretary, and W. W. Chase, treasurer.

CONCERNING A RUSSIAN LECTURE.

February 7, 1905.

Editor of the Pacific: Any of our churches giving lecture courses would do well to correspond with Alex. M. Lochwitzky, who was lately a young colonel in the Russian army, and is the highly educated son of a former assistant minister of war.

His account of his own experiences as a suspect, and his long confinement and escape, are very illuminating and informing upon the Russian question.

Dr. Jordan knows him well, and vouches for him fully. He is exactly what he pretends to be, and I can bear witness to the very great interest which his address awakened at Stanford University.

He can be obtained by addressing him at 977 Pine Street, San Francisco. I do not know his terms. He is seeking by his lectures to raise money to bring his wife and children out of Russia. His own estates were confiscated. I have great pleasure in bearing this testimony, because I am sure that no one of our churches will be disappointed in him as a lecturer.

Respectfully, C. G. Baldwin.

Oregon Letter

By George H. Himes.

It is expected that the evangelist, Rev. Ralph Gillam, will begin a series of special meetings in Salem, beginning February 26. It is understood that the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches will join in this effort, and that the meetings will be held in the new Congregational Church, which is expected to be ready for dedication on the above date. Mr. Gillam is at present at Tacoma, and much interest has been aroused by the services which he has conducted. One who has followed him closely says of him:

"Mr. Gillam strikes one as being a clear-headed business man, whose chief business is his religion; yet he is singularly free from theological terminology or cant phrases. He impresses me with the conviction that he is a man with a strong, sympathetic nature, great faith, earnest purpose, and a logical mind. His presentation of what he believes to be the all-important truth of life, now and forever—belief in the atoning and redeeming grace of God through Jesus Christ—is forcible, and his appeal is rather to the will than to the emotions; yet he does not hesitate to place before men the awful responsibilities and fearful penalties that he believes await those who wilfully neglect so great a salvation. Hence, he never 'spins after his work is done,' but having presented the facts in the case, as he conceives them to be, with all the fervor of his nature, he makes a short, but strong, appeal that men should take that definite action which his premises and deductions demand."

The Salem First Church is to be commended for the liberal gift of part of its old house of worship to the Central Church. It will probably cost about $500 to remove it to its new location, but Pastor Knight already has $210 in hand towards the sum, and knows where he can get more. The little building now occupied is not at all equal to the wants of the church; but with the addition here noted, with the expenditure of the sum referred to, a house of worship will be provided which could not be duplicated for $2,000. The work of the Salem Central is yoked with the Willard Church, located in the northern edge of Waldo Hills, about eight miles distant. That church raised $11 recently for the C. S. S. and P. S. Two-thirds of the congregation there, as a rule, are men. A Mennonite settlement was located near by a number of years ago, but many of the young men of that company have decided to become Americans in methods of religious worship, as well as in citizenship, and hence attend the Willard Church frequently, and ere long it is believed that more or less of them will unite with it.

The tidings from Dr. House are anything but encouraging. His vigorous body and mind have been overworked in his desire to accomplish the most for the kingdom, and now he must take an enforced rest, at least for a month, and perhaps longer. It has been his habit to respond to all calls, and this, together with the unusual demands upon him as pastor, has been too much for his strength. Mrs. House returned from the East last Monday, and that in itself will be helpful to him.

Salem, February 12, 1905.

The next meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held on Wednesday, March 1. The place of meeting will be announced next week.

TWO WITNESSES.

W. N. Burr.

I had just been listening to a plain man's testimony for Christ. It was very evident that he had little of the training of schools, but it was also evident that he knew what he was talking about when he spoke a few words as a witness for Christ. That plain man had certainly been sitting at the feet of the Master and learning of him; and his testimony thrilled me through and through, though it was spoken in language rude.

I went home and entered my study with the tones of that man's voice still in my ears, and picking up a book read the first words my eyes fell upon—an extract from Richard Watson Gilder's "The Passing of Christ:"

"Behold him now where he stands!
Not the Christ of our subtle creeds,
But the light of our hearts, our homes,
Of our hopes, our prayers, our needs:
The brother of want and blame:
The lover of women and men,
With a love that puts to shame
All passions of mortal ken.

"Ah, no, thou life of the heart,
Never shalt Thou depart!
Not till the leaven of God
Shall lighten each human clod;
Not till the world shall climb
To Thy height serene, sublime,
Shall the Christ who enters our door
Pass to return no more!"

The world needs the testimony of the plain man and the testimony of the polished man, for one will appeal to some who listen as the other would not. "Ye shall be my witnesses," Jesus says to all disciples. The man who can only say with a tripping tongue: "*I* believe that Jesus Christ is the Lamb of God sent to take away the sin of the world," ought to take the witness-stand and say it in his own way. And blessed is the day that sees the man with the smoother accents of culture on his tongue standing among his fellowmen and saying in *his* own way: "*I* believe that Jesus Christ is the Lamb of God sent to take away the sin of the world."

Corona, Cal.

Christian Endeavor Service.

Rev. Herbert N. Bevier.

February 26—Heroes of Home Missions: What They Teach Us. Jer. 1:7-19.

As many of the truest deeds of heroism are in the walks of private life, not on the field of battle or in the eye of all the world, so we need not confine ourselves to the noble achievements of missionaries in the foreign field when in search of brave men. The annals of Home Missions furnish the records of heroes, too. The American Home Missionary for the most part has not been in peril of the deep sea, but has had to contend with barbarism and savagery, and with privations as sore and with dangers as great as any. The history of Home Missions is as thrilling in events as that of Foreign Missions. The debt of our land to Home Missions is as great in essence as that of the world to For-

eign Missions, for had it not been that the missionary and the church followed the settler and the town the great prairies of the West would be in as sad a state morally and spiritually (albeit spangled with cities as our flag with stars) as pagan lands today.

The heroes of Home Missions have been and are yet in many places the human saviors of the people. Like John the Baptist they cry in deserts and wilds, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord and make his paths straight." They are the good angels and "Sky Pilots" of coming days, and they teach us many valuable lessons.

Courage is one of these. It is doubtful whether any calling in life has made more demands upon personal bravery than this. No savages have been more cruel than certain tribes of American Indians. No tortures more fiendish than those they were often wont to inflict upon their unhappy victims. Stirred to hate by injustice and treachery, there was no cunning that they did not display, nor any ingenuity, to wreak vengeance upon the representatives of their white enemies. Yet such men as John Eliot and David Brainard went among them without a moment's hesitation, taking their lives in their hands to carry to them the gospel of life. Though violently opposed by the Indian medicine men whose craft was in danger, and also by some of the sachems and priests, they were never dismayed, but pushed stoutly into the heart of the wilderness, relying solely upon God for protection. It is said of Eliot that he never feared. His Indian Bible is a masterpiece of literary courage rarely equalled in the annals of any performance. Think of Mrs. MacFarland, the brave woman who first went to Alaska, and the many privations she endured as a lesson of unselfish devotion to a high call. More real courage is shown in the long fight of the Home Missionary for a foothold and an establishment than in standing on the firing line in battle.

Perseverance is another lesson, taught us by these heroes of Home Missions. What obstacles they have had to overcome, what blindness, what ignorance, what indifference and superstition. How dull and dense the moral, not to speak of the spiritual sense at all, of the bulk of the exceptional populations of our great land. Think of the intrenched hostility of the great Mormon "Octopus," of the priestcraft of the Spanish peoples, of the hereditary laziness of the poor whites of the South, and the easy indifference of the Negro. In face of all these and mountains more the steadfast missionary has plodded on—often seeing little fruit—conscious however that he was sowing seed for coming harvests. The Home Missionary commonly has to wait longer for results than the Foreign, for the wayside is harder and seems (strange as it may be) to give less welcome to the seed. The Home Missionary has many trials that others do not have—one of which is less average pay, yet these brave soldiers of the cross have persevered and won mighty victories. Who can measure the value of the persevering courage of Marcus Whitman, the hero of Oregon. He risked life, home, ease, everything in that wild winter ride, yet he saved Oregon to the Union and won the crown of martyrdom at last.

The same perseverance is required today and is constantly shown. Rev. H. H. Spaulding and Sue McBeth among the Nez Perces, and others—heroes of all the churches—they are still pressing on, holding forts for reinforcements, planting new ones, urging the battle for Christ and righteousness to the utmost limit of the nation's need.

They are splendid ensamples of heroic faith. Never discouraged nor utterly cast down they believe in their mission and however trying the situation they toil on and on.

It is not too much to say that some of the sublimest exhibitions of faith in a cause in the world's history are those on Home Missions ground. The odds are fearfully against the missionary in most of the far west. Mining camps, lumber camps, new settlements in mountains or on great plains are filled with a godless, careless, worldly, low minded population. Life is on the material and the sense plane. The name of God is seldom mentioned save in profanity. Christ is never thought of save as a name for an oath. The Holy Spirit—there is none of it. Many will openly say they expect to die and perish with their dogs. To toil on in such uncongenial airs requires faith. But the Home Missionary has it. He beards the lion in his den and often like the grave Craig and Mrs. Mavor in Black Rock conquers him while he is springing to his deadly work. It has required faith to win a continent for Christ, and yet the Home Missionary has done it. Nothing reminds us of Longfellow's well known lines more than the deeds of these noble men:

"In the world's wide field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle—
Be ye heroes in the strife."

BUREAU OF MISSIONS BULLETIN.

81 Bible House, New York, February 1, 1905.

The government of India has decided to add one company of native Christians to each of the twelve Madras regiments. This is a new departure and a recognition o fthe numerical importance of Christians in the empire.

Members of the Greek church in Japan bring their babies to English missionaries to be baptized when none of their own priests are at hand. Sometimes they ask permission to partake of the Lord's Supper, too; and among them there are some very earnest Christians.

The Church of England in Cape Colony is slowly but steadily receiving members of the "Ethiopian Movement" into its "Order of Ethiopia," which is designed to lead the natives and keep them out of political mischief. Recently 280 were received into the order and 303 were confirmed at one time.

The American Bible society receives some little coins, each as great as a cartwheel in the eyes of one who sees what it represents of love and of hope for the triumph of God's truth. One of these little gifts was the recent contribution of a small church of Indians in South Dakota. It amounted to 14 cents.

The Moravian mission and the Berlin mission to the north of Lake Nyasa have each undertaken to open and supervise two leper asylums. The existence of leprosy attracted the attention of German officials; isolation with nursing was necessary, and the missionaries are the only people there able and willing to render such service.

Of the Christian women in India more than 30 per cent. can read. But among the women of India as a

whole, only seven out of a thousand can read. There is no more pig-headed creature living than a woman who is both ignorant and self-confident. These two facts together are a strong argument for mission schools for girls in India.

A missionary (Anglican) is at Obihiro in Hokkaido, Japan. "There is a church here," he says, with 60 or 70 members. The chief of police is an earnest Christian, as also some of the ordinary constables. There are two Sunday schools whose pupils number 90." Through such little congregations in country districts the leavening of the nation is being prepared.

Two Mohammedans baptized at Delhi, India; by Anglican missionaries this year were both led to Christianity by reading books written by the late Rev. Dr. Imad ud Din of Amritsar; himself a converted Mohammedan. The fact that the words of the dead preacher live is an illustration of the value, often forgotten, of the literary branch of the missionary work.

Not long ago a proclamation was posted in a town in Shansi, China, officially ordering Christians to pay regular dues for supporting Confucian temples. Real religious liberty will come slowly in such a country, and with it many a shock and jar; for the average Chinese official can not realize that he persecutes Christians by an order maintaining an ancient custom.

A mission worker in India used a strong illustration when he said to some Hindus, "Supposing that a woman should dress a dog in men's clothes and tell people it is her husband, how would the husband like it? But you do worse; you dress up a stick or a stone and tell people that it is God!" Such an appeal, right from the mission field, helps one to make the work real to the mind.

One gets a glimpse of the real facts from the following bit of description from an S. P. G. missionary in South Africa: "Our bell is a broken pick tied to a branch and beaten with a bit of stone. You should see my dear students at a lecture. Their attention is simply glued from beginning to end; and you can easily tell when an argument has gone home, for a great light comes over their jolly, black faces and they give vent to a strange grunt of appreciation."

A missionary in Japan (A. B. C. M. F.) says of the Japanese today: "I am glad it is my privilege to work among a people who have the ability to understand and apply great ideas and who can be mastered by great ideals." The heart yearns to show such people Jesus Christ as the one great ideal and to explain to them his ideas of what manhood is. Does not our duty to do this correspond, as Bishop Westcott once said, "with the grandeur of the truth which is placed within our reach?"

The American Board's "Morning Star" is announced as safely arrived at Ponape after her long voyage from Boston. One does not realize at first glance what this means. It means that missionaries on other islands will now occasionally see the face of a comrade, will sometimes get mail and clothes and groceries; that schools can have some regularity about receiving pupils, and that a host of little communities will have pastoral calls oftener than once a year. The "Morning Star" is worth while.

Curious are the incidents in missionary work in Japan. A missionary of the C. M. S. has gained permission to give a lantern lecture to wounded soldiers. When he reached the place provided by the officers for the meeting he found it was a Buddhist temple. There at one side of the high altar and under the shadow of Buddha he stood and preached Christ to a most attentive audience. The missionary had to tramp that night seven miles in the rain to reach his home, but his heart was light, for joy of having had the privilege of that talk to the friendly soldiers.

Because of the great revival in Wales the Bible is in demand. One bookseller writes to the British and Foreign Bible society under pressure that unmistakable, although he stumbles in choosing his words: "Please send them at once. Great demand for Bibles now the revival is doing such havoc (!) in our midst." The orders for scriptures received by the B. F. B. S. from Wales in November and December were three times the amount for the corresponding months in 1903. The Christian Briton or American, once converted, cares for the Bible just as much as the converted Confucian or Fetish-worshipper.

Tibet, refractory Tibet, can be reached and made to see and hear. Some three years ago a Tibetan Lama named Khomfel was converted through preaching of Moravian missionaries from Leh, in Kashmir. He was an able man; was taught, and finally sent to preach Christ in Kalatse, near the Tibetan border, the very place where he used to serve Buddha. Now the Moravians tell us of the baptism at Leh, of five Tibetans from Kalatse, converted through the preaching of Khomfel. "Be what you like; be a Mohammedan if you choose; but if you become a Christian we will disinherit you!"—this is the threat hurled at one of these new converts by his friends. It was carried out to the letter, too.

CURRENT EVENT AND COMMENT.

Timely Topics from Various Sources.

Toronto has sent $1,000 to help the unemployed in London.

The Wyoming legislature has made the wild rose the state flower.

It is estimated that the recent blizzard did $3,000,000 damage in New York.

Fire losses in the United States and Canada aggregated $245,000,000 for 1904.

Immigration from Russia in December, 1904, was 57 per cent. more than in 1902.

The Studebaker automobile factory at South Bend, Indiana, will cover an acre and a half of ground.

Secretary Taft declares for the independence of the Phillipines as soon as conditions there are settled.

The London News gives a long list of persons who have been ruined by gambling. Crimes of various kinds, bankruptcies and suicides make up the results.

President Roosevelt said to a delegation of churchmen, calling on him in connection with the anti-divorce crusade, that the preservation of the home is more important than all questions of currency and tariff.

There are 2,011 clubs in Great Britain and Ireland, of which nearly half are golf clubs. In London there are 250 social clubs or athletic clubs with clubhouses, and of these twenty-six are exclusively for women, while another half dozen admit women as members. The most expensive club in London is the Naval and

Military, in Piccadilly, where the entrance fee is $210 and the subscription $50.

Business conditions in the Mississippi valley and the Middle South are reported as being less satisfactory than at any time for several years. An eastern press dispatch states: "There are more petitions in bankruptcy than for a long while. Reports from Mississippi indicate that failures for January will break the records for a number of years. Other states make similar complaints and prosperity is threatened. There has been rapid industrial development the past four years, and labor is well employed at remunerative wages and a large volume of money is in circulation. This is responsible for what business there is doing. In years past, when cotton got down to the present low level, business became entirely stagnant. There is scarcely a prospect of such development now, even with a further decline in the price of the staple, but the volume of business transacted promises to fall far below the corresponding time one year ago. Deposits by individuals in the banks of the South show a tremendous decrease as compared with one year ago, while there has been a decided expansion in the loan item, which affects seriously the resources of these institutions."

The battleship Oregon is called "a back number," and it is said will go out of commission ere long. The New York will be laid up also and modernized. The Brooklyn Eagle says: "The New York was built about twelve years ago and was then considered the crack cruiser of the world. She was inspected by admiring throngs, and into whatever port she went she was the talk of the naval experts. This glory was hers for only a short time, for so rapid is progress in the building of warships that almost before she had gathered her first crop of barnacles she had fallen behind in the procession. Now she is hopelessly outclassed. Even when she is modernized with the new boilers and guns she will be far inferior to the Colorado, Pennsylvania and Maryland, because she can never be made with her present lines to equal them in speed, the prime desideratum in a cruiser." A navy yard official says that the changing of styles in warships is one of the astonishing results of the development of sea power by the nations of the world. The stress and strain and the tension to which the naval constructors of each nation are continually keyed to be just a little ahead of their rival countries has resulted in changes almost too swift to be kept count of.

One of the latest philanthropic enterprises in the interest of the London working girl is a hotel that has just been started by Lord Radstock, who has for a number of years been identified with important philanthropic movements in England. Like other hotels of this character, this one is designed to be self-supporting and is said to mark the initial step in a big scheme. A commodious, 1-story building is utilized for the hotel and the price is 6-pence a night. Board can be obtained for 3 shillings 6-pence a week, but an extra shilling insures a bountiful supply of good food, which may be obtained in the restaurant at any time desired, from 7 a. m. to 9:30 p. m. An immense marble lined skating rink is one of the features of the hotel. Swings and gymnastic apparatus will be put up and the girls are to be provided with roller skates. Bright, well furnished sitting rooms and class rooms, a work room for sewing, a boot room and a laundry fitted with all the modern appliances are at the service of the girls. The bedrooms are light, airy and comfortable and hot and cold water baths are free. Rules in this hotel are said to be few and not irksome and the only restriction with regard to visitors is that those of the masculine persuasion must be entertained in the hall.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that all cars on railroads must be equipped with automatic safety couplers and that they must be uniform throughout the country. The frightful loss of life and limb by railway employes has served to push the hearing and the decisions of two lower courts were reversed in the test case. Congress passed the law years ago giving several years' time for equipment, and later extended the time limit, and yet the law is uncomplied with in thousands of instances , especially on old freight cars, just where the danger is the worst, as they are most used for way-freight which must do a great deal of switching. Often where couplers were supplied they were not uniform and thus ineffective. Such was the case in the suit upon which the decision was given. The morality of the whole railroad business is heightening immeasurably. The very success of the system depends upon it. The managers are seeing that so vast an organization must have the discipline of an army. Men must pass a strict physical examination, must present credentials of honor, must fit into the system, and few roads will accept longer any man who touches intoxicating liquor. It was discovered during one of the late seasons of heavy traffic on one of the eastern roads that there was a train every three miles going east and as many probably coming the other way. Trains are at least one-third heavier than formerly and the slowest speed now is equal to the fastest of former years. Automatic signals are the next demand in mechanism and shorter hours for the men who operate trains is imperative, a fact which managers are considering a property necessity.

An editorial in the Century treats of what are called "tariff barbarisms," and mentions in the list the one on books: "This is as much a tax on knowledge as if it were laid upon the public schools and colleges. By a curious anomaly, the books thus affected are mainly those of English origin, the expression of a civilization sympathetic to our own, while books in foreign language are admitted free. The situation is something to be ashamed of. If any duty is kept on books, there should be a clause providing that all books sent for review to any periodical entered as second-class mail matter shall be admitted free under such regulations as the secretary of the treasury may direct." As to lumber it is said: "A hardly less absurd theory seems to have inspired the tariff on lumber. On our northern border is a country of inexhaustible timber, able and eager to supply our wants. And yet, for the enrichment of a comparatively few, we prefer at enormous expense to destroy our own supplies—at many a point to make a solitude and call it peace. The destruction of forests in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, New York and New England— by fire and for the needs of construction and, latterly, for woodpulp—is alarmingly on the increase. Against such influences the conservative tendencies of forest reservation in the far West, tree planting and scientific cultivation and cutting, seem to be like 'saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung.' It is high time that congress should look at this subject in truer perspective and should remember that its duty is to legislate not merely for its constituents today, but for generations to come who are to preserve and defend the ideals for which this republic stands."

Sunday-School Lesson.

PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT.

Save for my daily range
Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ
I might despair. —Tennyson.

The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes.

First Quarter. Lesson IX.

February 26, 1905.

(John vi: 1-14).

Crucial times had come. John the Baptist was martyred. Prudence suggested retirement. Weariness demanded it. The retreat would also afford the apostles an opportunity to report more minutely to the Master the experiences of their trial-trip, two and two, through Galilee, from which they had just returned. So the boat which had been chartered for Jesus and "waited upon him" was employed to put the weary toilers beyond the reach of the multitudes that pressed upon them even at mealtimes.

Headwinds probably drove the little bark near shore and retarded its progress. Clandestine as the departure had been it failed of its purpose. An ever-augmenting throng hurried around the head of the lake, and probably apprised some pilgrim caravans to the Passover of the coming of the great Nazarene. So when Jesus' boat ran its keel upon the pebbly shore, there stood five thousand men, not to mention the women and children.

So far from being irritated by the failing of his plans, Jesus' heart was touched to pity at sight of the shepherdless flock, and he began at once to instruct them in many phases of the doctrine of grace. In the obsorbing interest of the theme neither Teacher nor taught observed how the sun was dipping to the western horizon.

But the commissary of the apostolic college suddenly awoke to the situation. Five regiments, and no stores on hand or any country to forage upon! After some questions on Jesus' part, calculated to test his disciples' faith, but to which they responded with phenomenal obtuseness, he proposes to work what, in some respects, was his most remarkable and significant miracle.

The material basis of the miracle was paltry in the extreme,

But one poor fisher's rude and scanty store
Is all he asks (and more than needs),
Who men and angels daily feeds.

There is a vivid, descriptive touch in the Greek which does not appear in our version. Under Jesus' direction the confused throng was resolved into the order of a French parterre. He had them sit platwise, so that they looked, in their high-colored garments, like veritable flower-beds with green turf intervening.

After the cheerful grace, which Jesus never omits, he puts a morsel of bread and fish in the hand of each apostle, and sends him forth to serve. What each breaks off is larger far than what remains. But that which remains is undiminished. And all are fed and filled. As a lesson in frugality, the unused fragments are ordered to be gathered up. Each hesitating apostle holds in his hands the tangible evidence of the reality and magnitude of the miracle wrought.

Even a casual reader of the Bible will hardly fail to note that St. John has a philosophy of his own, in accordance with which he arranges the facts, miracles, and discourses of Jesus. He does not do violence to chronology, but he is not hampered by it. His purpose is to show the evolution of Jesus' character and work in the most effective way possible. The material is vast and bewildering. In fine hyperbole John exclaims that if all the things that Jesus said and did were recorded the world would not contain the books that would be written. Selection is necessary. To this end he makes choice of scenic incidents and the sermons which they evoked. So follow in order the first and second miracles at Cana, the conversations of Jesus with the woman and Nicodemus, the miracle of healing at Bethesda, and of feeding beside the sea. Nothing could be more spirited! There is a philosophic continuity which is far more effective than a bold, chronological one could possibly be.

The Teacher's Lantern.

Lovely evidence is here of the implicit confidence which maintained between Jesus and his apostles. They came to him. They told him what they had done, what they had taught. They were sure of his sympathy. If they needed correction, they knew it would be done in love.

The eldest disciples have no monopoly, however, of Jesus' sympathy. He is touched with a feeling for us, too. We can come to him also, to "tell Jesus" is still the disciples' blissful recourse.

The same considerateness which Jesus showed for the health and comfort of his toilers, he still feels for those who in this latter day are engaged in his service. Seasons of respite are indispensable for the highest effectiveness. A church imitates the Master when it gives an industrious pastor a vacation. It says, "Go apart, and rest awhile."

But apostles nor preachers have a monopoly of Jesus' sympathy. It sweeps out to inclose all sorts and conditions of men. Jesus was as compassionate toward the five thousand as toward the twelve. So his heart goes out today.

This boy went into partnership with Jesus. His little store was not taken from him by force. The moment he heard the Master had need he came running and exclaiming, "Lord, if you can use these, you are welcome to them!" With a boy's lunch Jesus fed five thousand. Young people have talents the Master can employ today. General Booth says, "Shake the napkin at every corner!" The hidden "pounds" will be sure to roll out.

Five crackers and two dried herring —talk of feeding five thousand with them! But add to the crackers and fish the almightiness of Jesus, and the proposition ceases to be ridiculous. The resources of the church for spiritual sustenance for the thousand millions of earth are palpably inadequate, until the Savior's power and blessing is added to the equation. Then there is enough and to spare.

The heavenliness of this miracle is evident in its orderliness. There was no unseemly scramble, inequality, or waste. All was precision, method, order.

Mosaic from Commentaries.

The Sea of Galilee: Sweet water, full of fish; a surface of sparkling blue, tempting down breezes from above, bringing forth breezes of her own, the Lake of Galilee is at once food, drink and air, a rest to the eye, coolness in the heat, an escape from a crowd, and a facility of travel very welcome in so exhausting a climate.—George Adam Smith. When Jesus then lifted up his eyes: Better as in the American Revision, "Jesus therefore lifting up his eyes." Saw a great company come ("seeing that a great multitude cometh"): Not the same crowd mentioned in verse 2, else in the Greek the article would have been inserted, but a Passover caravan coming from some other direction.—Dods. Saith unto Philip: Why to Philip? Not because he happened at the moment to be nearest to Jesus (Alford); nor as Bengel suggests, because he had charge of the commissariat; but Cyril is right who finds the explanation in the character of Philip, and in the word to prove him. —Expositor's Greek Testament. This was not a trial of Philip's faith, but a test whether he could suggest any expedient; and the answer of the disciple (verse 7) conveys also the impression that he knew of none.—Meyer. What he would do: Without suggestions from others. It was not bread he sought from Philip, but faith.—Augustine. Philip's home was Bethsaida. He was therefore acquainted with the region and people.—Peloubet. Jesus takes it for granted that they must all dine with him.—Henry. This is the only action in Jesus' life recorded by all the evangelists.—Ibid. Make the men sit down: This was like sending Providence to market.—Ibid. Philip answered: A matter-of-fact man, quick reasoner, good man of business, more ready to rely on his own shrewd calculations than on unseen resources. This weakness Jesus gives him the opportunity of conquering.—Dods. Two hundred pennyworth—$32. It was equivalent to his asking, "Can he furnish a table in the wilderness?"—Henry. A lad, five loaves, two fishes: When Count Zinzendorf was a boy at school he founded amongst his school-fellows a little guild which he called the "Order of the Grain of Mustard-seed," and thereafter that seedling grew into the great tree of the Moravian Brotherhood, whose boughs were a blessing to the world.—Farrar. Make the men ("people") sit down: An order indicative of our Lord's design that there might be no confusion and that the attention of all might be directed to what he was about to do.—Butler. It invited close inspection. Given (1) that there might be no unseemly crowding round him and crushing out the weaker; and (2) that they might understand they were to have a full meal, not a mere bite they could take in their hand in passing. Obedience to this request tested the faith of the crowd.—Dods. Observe the furniture of the dining-room; there was much grass there: served as cushions for those who sat upon the ground.—Henry. Jesus took the loaves. The distribution was with thanksgiving and universal satisfaction. —Ibid. Fragments: The grant we have of God's good creatures is large

and full, but with the proviso, willful waste only excepted.—Ibid. This was for these Orientals a most important lesson in thrift. The poor are proverbially thriftless everywhere; but nothing could excel the lavish wastefulness of the poor Oriental when a moment of good fortune has filled his hands with plenty. He absolutely takes no thought for the morrow, and, if reminded of the coming day will calmly reply, "The Lord will provide."—Ewing. This has been noticed as a strong mark of truth, most unlikely to have been invented by the writer of a fiction. For it is improbable, from a human point of view, that one who could multiply food at will should give directions about saving fragments.—Cambridge Bible.

THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON.

By Rockwell D. Hunt.

Today we center our view on "the unique and commanding figure of our first president." Each February, as the years go in swift course of time, Americans turn aside in life's on-flowing current to do honor to him who left us the legacy of freedom. One hundred and seventy-two years ago today there was born of young America her first citizen. George Washington is the first fruits of earth's greatest nation.

At the early age of ten Washington was left by the death of his father the precious charge of a solicitous mother, Mrs. Washington was a remarkable woman, worthy of an illustrious son. She possessed profound good sense, great tenderness and assiduity, and charming, unaffected manners. She not only reared her son at the hearthstone, but gave him a substantial private education. Her deep solicitude prevented his entering the British navy as midshipman, and saved him to serve his country and posterity. In truth the Father of His Country was himself the son of a noble mother, and in eulogizing his great name let one always pause to pay tribute to that other name, the mother of Washington.

In his employment as a country surveyor, while yet a mere boy, he distinguished himself by his diligence, neatness and accuracy, and gained an acquaintance with the location and value of new lands that served him well both in private and public life.

Early in his boyhood Washington displayed candor, manliness and an easy ascendancy over his companions. He was not long in displaying his military propensities. The spark so early kindled burst into flame while he was but fifteen by the war between England and France. At nineteen appointed major in the Virginia militia, he executed his duties with such fidelity and honor that he was soon called to higher stations. Nothing in Washington's entire career is more remarkable than his appointment, a youth of twenty-one, by the governor of Virginia as envoy in that most delicate and hazardous diplomatic mission to the Indian chiefs and the French commander at Venango. "Consummate knowledge of humon nature as well as of woodcraft," says Fiske; "a courage that no threats could daunt, and a clear intelligence that no treachery could hoodwink, were the qualities absolutely demanded by such an undertaking; yet the young man acquitted himself of his perilous task, not merely with credit, but with splendor." (Fiske, Am. Rev. I. 134.)

* * *

The youth of Washington! There he stands, stalwart, tall, majectic, a fitting prophecy of the first of the Americans! His well-formed limbs and agile frame indicate bodily strength; his courtly grace of manner, his fine sense of honor, his manly dignified carriage—all these betoken extraordinary power in repose in the highest social circles; from a grave countenance his keen gray eyes look out under a broad brow, crowned with rich brown hair, from a soul serene and great.

The youth of Washington! In him are already forming that solidity of judgment, that lustre of virtue, that integrity of character, that will make him, in perilous times, the anchor of the constitution. Alive to social pleasures, living the life of a humble Christian, acquiring quickly the lessons of reflection and experience, a constant student of military and civil affairs, with whole-souled devotion to public duty—there he stands, the embodiment of incorruptible integrity, looking courageously into a future that shall make him "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Washinton is America's ideal citizen, God's gift to Freedom's posterity. He must be viewed as the best fruitage of a new-born people. He stands unique in lofty grandeur. The youth of Washington is America's youth. Wedded to Columbia, his offspring is a mighty nation.

On the bank of the Potomac is the home of Washinton's youth. I have looked upon the scenes that greeted his enlarging vision. But he is not there. His home has become his sepulcher. I have stood with reverent mien at the tomb of Washington, gazing with steadfastness upon the sarcophagus of the noble dead; but he is not there. Suspended far up in the great dome of our national Capitol is Brumidi's allegorical painting, "The Apotheosis of Washington." I have there beheld the deified Washington, with Freedom at his right and Victory at his left. But this is beautiful allegory—Washington is not there. Washington today, in the splendor of perennial youth, is universally enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people. His spirit dwells in the realms of celestial light; the inspiration of his life quickens to patriotic devotion America's millions.

On this glad anniversary let all our youth summon their love of fatherland and their Christian loyalty and strive henceforth to emulate the best in our nation's hero, who has proved the double truth announced by the Savior of men and inscribed on his own tomb: "I am the resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

THE GIRL WHO SMILES.

The wind was east and the chimney smoked,
And the old brown house seemed dreary,
For nobody smiled, and nobody joked,
The young folks grumbled, the old folks croaked,
They had come home chilled and weary.

Then opened the door, and a girl came in;
Oh, she was homely—very;
Her nose was pug, and her cheek was thin.
There wasn't a dimple from brow to chin,
But her smile was bright and cheery.

She spoke not a word of the cold and and damp,
Nor yet of the gloom about her,
But she mended the fire, and lighted the lamp,
And she put on the place a different stamp
From that it had without her.

Her dress, which was something in sober brown,
And with dampness nearly dripping,
She changed for a bright, warm, crimson gown,
And she looked so gay when she came down,
They forgot the air was nipping.

They forgot that the house was a dull old place,
And smoky from base to rafter,
And gloom departed from every face,
As they felt the charm of her mirthful grace,
And the cheer of her happy laughter.

Oh, give me the girl who will smile and sing
And make all glad together!
To be plain or fair is a lesser thing,
But a kind, unselfish heart can bring
Good cheer in the darkest weather.

—Youth's Companion.

Abe—Jo Simpson, dat's leanin' erginst de post obah dere, ain't acted "right" sence he lost his wife. Mose—No; it's preyin' on his mind. But I'll tell you', dat post ain't gwine ter suppo't him like she did.

She—I hope you succeeded in retaining your composure when our auto capsized. He—Didn't retain the first thing. Everything was dumped into the gutter.

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IMPORTUNING LOVE.

There are few hearts such impregnable fortresses that they will not yield to continued assaults of love. Many a man appears indifferent to the needs of his spiritual nature because no one approaches him on his spiritual side. He has had no one speak to him directly about his soul for twenty years. He would welcome the novelty of such an approach. If only some great heart would speak to him in love!

There are few so hard who cannot be melted by importuning love. Let half a dozen consecrated friends lay wise and patient siege to the hardest of hearts, and I dare prophesy that it will eventually capitulate. The trouble is twofold: we do not speak at all to our unsaved friends, or we do not call to our aid a company of loved friends to unite with us in wooing and winning the heart. Few can withstand the steady loving assault made by a group of deeply interested Christians.

One such wisely conducted campaign might win more converts than a winter's revival.

I am convinced we do not use the consecrated pen enough. The letter written in love to some ungodly friend might be more potent even than the spoken word.

Watching for the "psychological moment," when the heart's gates swing easily, as in time of distress or perplexity, will often reveal the sweet opportunity to present the claims of our Savior. We should "watch for souls."

Our personal influence, whether social or otherwise, should be consecrated to this blessed business of winning men to Jesus Christ. Beauty of person, charm of personality, sweetness of voice, eloquence of speech, or financial resource—one or all of these potent powers should be dedicated to the work of exalting Christ in human lives.

Each one whose eyes scan these lines has some friend who will yield to his loving persuasion.—Selected.

LIVING IN CHRIST.

Abiding in Christ does not mean that you must always be thinking about Christ. You are in a house, abiding in its enclosure or beneath its shelter, though you are not always thinking about the house itself; but you always know when you leave it. A man may not always be thinking of his sweet home circle; but he and they may nevertheless be abiding in each other's love. And he knows instantly when any of them are in danger of passing out of the warm tropic of love into the arctic regions of separation. So we may not always be sensible of the revealed presence of Jesus; we may be occupied with many things of necessary duty, but as soon as the heart is disengaged it will become aware that he has been standing near all the while; and there will be a bright flash of recognition, a repitition of the Psalmist's cry: "Thou art near, O Lord." Ah, life of bliss, lived under the thought of his presence, as dwellers in Alpine valleys live beneath the solemn splendor of some grand, snow-capped range of mountains.—Meyer.

"AT THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD."

He has infinitely better ways of spending his eternities than that. He is the Redeemer evermore. His Ascension must be interpreted, not in terms of space, but in terms of the spirit. If we speak of his second advent, it must not be on the basis of a conception that for twenty centuries he has been absent, far removed from a world that he is some time going to visit again. He has never gone away. He is with us now and shall be always and to the end of the world. God's glory does not consist in glittering pageantry and pomp. It is the glory of a love that sympathizes and succors and gets down close beside his child. That place is the right hand of his throne, and there Jesus is peculiarly manifested. Even when the hymns of the church, in burning imagery, have spoken of "the highest place that heaven affords;" of the royal diadem that "adorns the mighty Victor's brow;" of "the Lamb upon his throne," still they have not lost sight of the great truth we are trying to express. They say:

"From his high th. one in bliss he deigns
Our every prayer to heed;
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
Supplies our every need."

OUR INFIRMITIES.

Never do we feel them more than at the hour of prayer. Sometimes our thoughts scatter like a flock of sheep or flag and faint before the spiritual effort of stirring ourselves up to take hold on God. Who does not have times when (to use Jeremy Taylor's similitude) prayer is like the rising of a lark against the east wind? We even tire in maintaining the attitude of devotion! We know not what to pray for; we are ignorant of the best arguments to employ; we ask amiss; we cannot keep in the perpetual spirit and temper of devotion; we lack that calm faith which can leave its burden at the mercy seat and be at rest.

In all this the Spirit helpeth us. He "helpeth our infirmities." Knowing the mind of God, he is aware of those things which it will please our Father to bestow, and which indeed are only waiting for us to ask them at his hand. These he suggests to us; for these he excites strong and passionate desire; with respect to these he leads us to pour out our souls in importunate and prevailing prayer. When next you are sensible of a mighty tide of desire rising up in your heart, bearing you forward on its bosom toward God, yield to it, let it have its blessed way with you. Though there be almost pain in the unutterable passion of desire, dare not to restrain it; for the Holy Spirit is then taking you up into the purpose of God, and is leading you to ask those things which lie near his heart and which brood over you as clouds of blessing ready to break. This is true prayer; the attempt on the part of man to tell out the deep, unutterable thoughts which the Spirit is inspiring within.—F. B. Meyer.

SONG OF THE BIRD.

O thrush bird with thy seraph lyre,
Doth thy spirit burn with fire,
  Exultant, strong?
Dost thou fold beneath thy wings
Hints of far-off heavenly things,
  And thus thy song?

Or dost thou for thy heart's relief,
Breathe in song thy joy and grief,
  O winsome bird?
What is the import of thy lay,
For what sweet boon dost thou pray,
  Through music's word?

From whate'er deeps within thy breast
Are rung thy silver chimes of rest,
  So high and pure—
For him who seeketh care's surcease,
And for the spirit calm and peace,
  To aye endure,

Thy song a rapture yields divine,
Till almost the golden shine
  Of Heaven's shore
Doth, with pure celestial light,
Flash upon the spirit's night,
  And it is sad no more!

—Mrs. Lisa A. Fletcher.

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